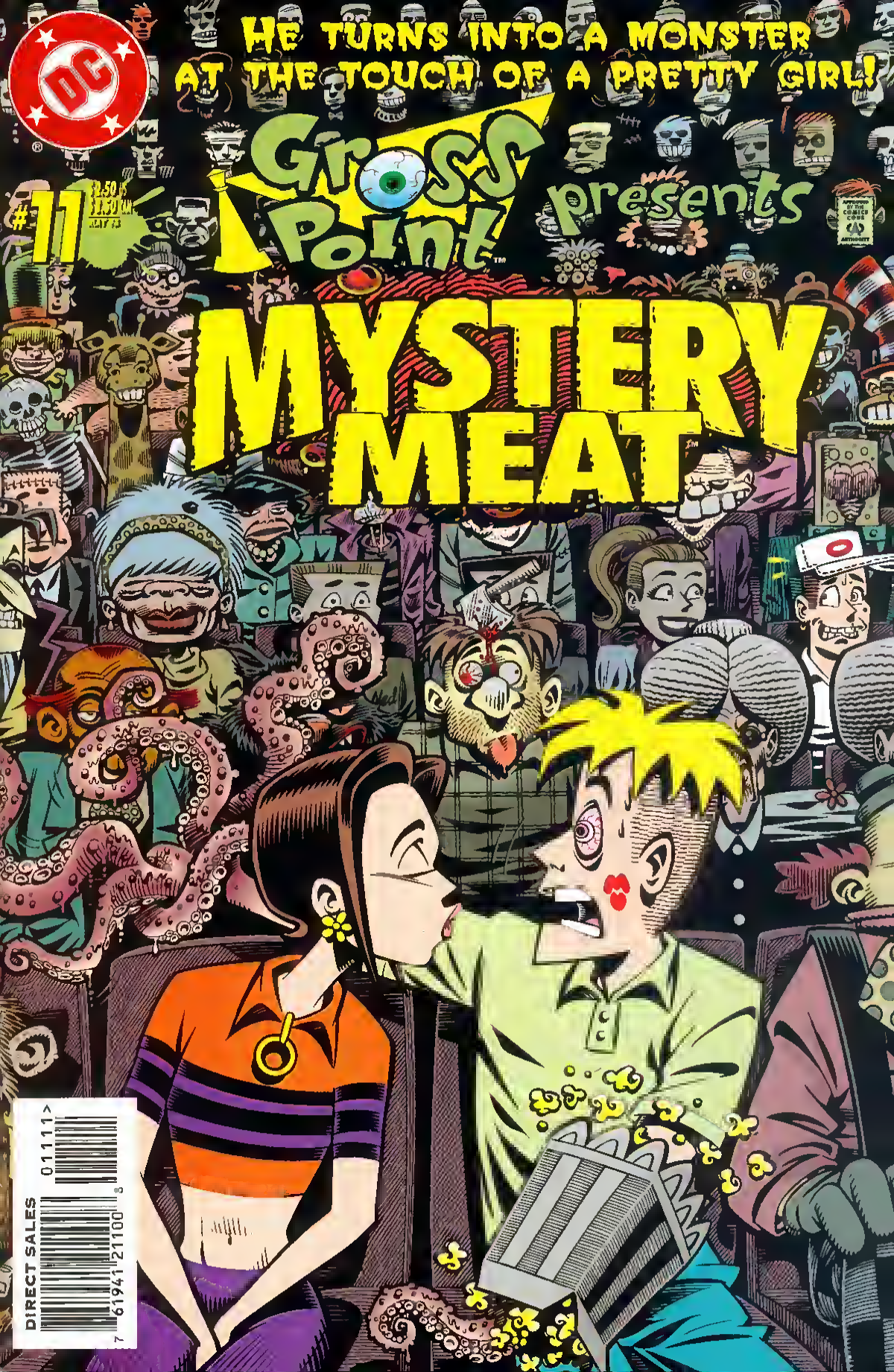

DC
HE TURNS INTO A MONSTER AT THE TOUCH OF A PRETTY GIRL!
#11
Gross Point
presents
MYSTERY MEAT
DIRECT SALES

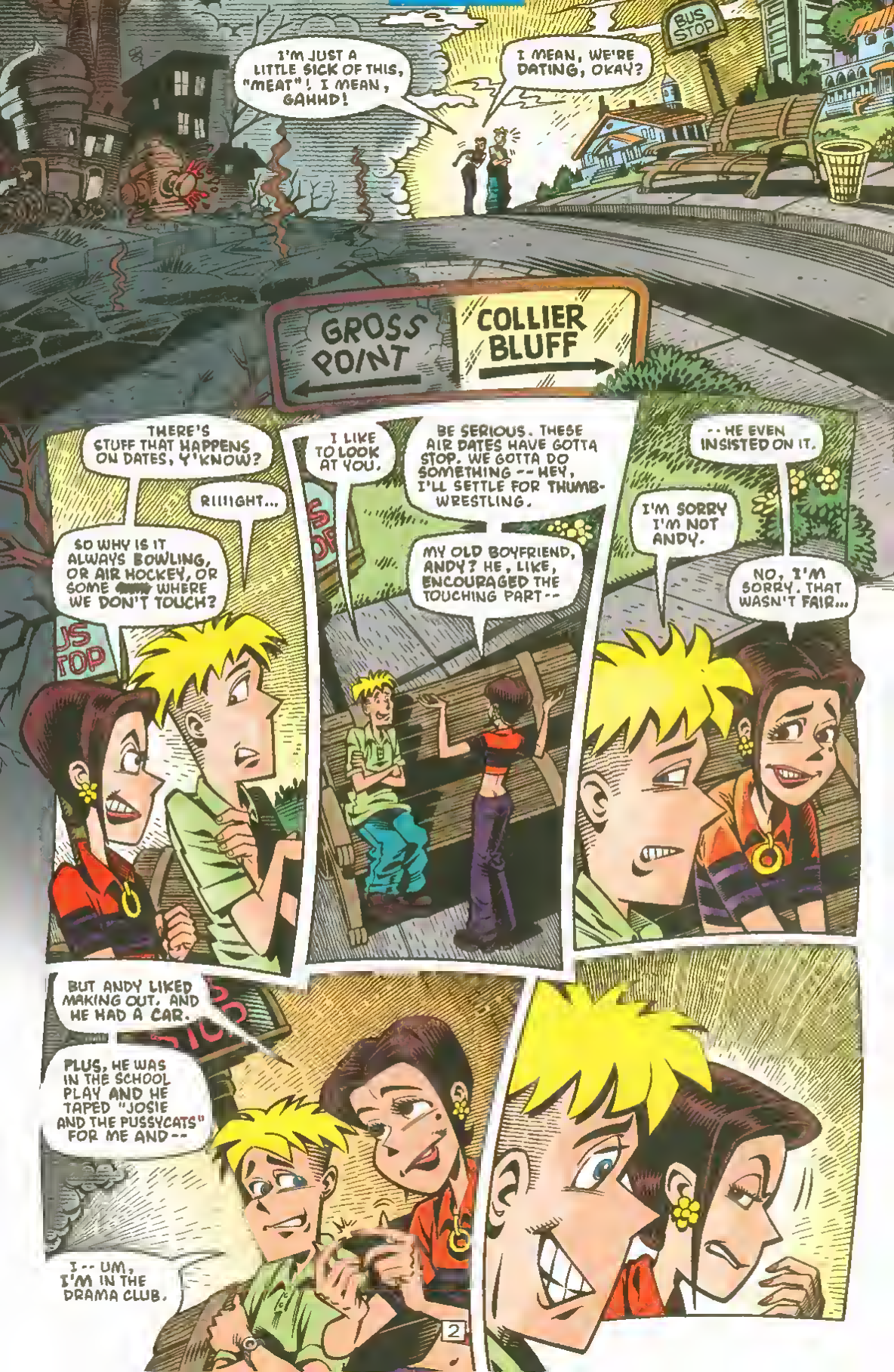


GROSS POINT 11 May 1996 Published monthly by DC Comics 1700 Broadway New York NY 10019 POSTMASTER Send address changes to GROSS POINT DC Comics Subscriptions, P.O. Box 0526 Baldwin NY 11510 Annual subscription rate $30.00 Canadian subscribers must add $12.00 for postage and GST GST # is R125921072. All foreign countries must add $12.00 for postage U.S. funds only Copyright © 1996 DC Comics All Rights Reserved All characters featured in this issue, the distinctive likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of DC Comics. The stories, characters and incidents mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional For advertising space contact: Henry Watkins, National Sales Director (212) 636-5520 Printed on recyclable paper
Printed in Canada

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A DIVISION OF WARNER BROS --A TIME WARNER ENTERTAINMENT COMPANY

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· JOEL EHRLICH, Senior VP Advertising & Promotions · LILLIAN LASERSON, VP & General Counsel · BOB ROZAKIS, Executive Director Production ·


I'M JUST A LITTLE SICK OF THIS, "MEAT"! I MEAN, GAHHD!
I MEAN, WE'RE DATING, OKAY?
BUS STOP
GROSS POINT
COLLIER BLUFF
THERE'S STUFF THAT HAPPENS ON DATES, Y'KNOW?
RIIIIGHT...
SO WHY IS IT ALWAYS BOWLING, OR AIR HOCKEY, OR SOME [redacted] WHERE WE DON'T TOUCH?
I LIKE TO LOOK AT YOU.
BE SERIOUS. THESE AIR DATES HAVE GOTTA STOP. WE GOTTA DO SOMETHING -- HEY, I'LL SETTLE FOR THUMB-WRESTLING.
MY OLD BOYFRIEND, ANDY? HE, LIKE, ENCOURAGED THE TOUCHING PART--
-- HE EVEN INSISTED ON IT.
I'M SORRY I'M NOT ANDY.
NO, I'M SORRY. THAT WASN'T FAIR...
BUT ANDY LIKED MAKING OUT. AND HE HAD A CAR.
PLUS, HE WAS IN THE SCHOOL PLAY AND HE TAPED "JOSIE AND THE PUSSYCATS" FOR ME AND--
I-- UM, I'M IN THE DRAMA CLUB.


IF YOU JUST WANT TO SHUT ME UP, HOLD MY HAND.
NO, REALLY. I'M IN A PLAY.
WHAT PLAY?
BUS STOP
...
I FORGET. THE NAME'S ON THE POSTER...
THAT'S GREAT, MEAT.
I'M IN. THE DRAMA CLUB.
OKAY, FINE. YOU'RE IN THE DRAMA CLUB. I BELIEVE YOU.
I AM - HONEST!
I GOT YOUR NOSE!
GROSS PT.
Y'KNOW, YOU'RE THE ONLY GUY I KNOW I HAVE TO TRICK INTO KISSING ME...!
SMEK
:sigh:
EXIT ONLY



"WE MEAT AGAIN"

MATT WAYNE WRITER • JOE STATON PENCILLER
ROGER LANGRIDGE LETTERER and INKER
IAN LAUGHLIN COLORIST • MARTIN PASKO EDITOR

ROGER LANGRIDGE COVER ARTIST


SLAMMM
DON'T SLAM THE DOOR, TERRI.
GO ON, HOWARD.
ANYWAY... THEY WANT ME TO TAKE A PHYSICAL, BUT THIS NEW DOCTOR...!
I-- I JUST DON'T TRUST MR. SEPTUM AFTER THAT PULMOSUMP THING.*
I DON'T TRUST YOU NOT TO--
CLOMP CLOMP CLOMP
HMO CONTRACT
* LICK THE BUSINESS END OF A LIGHT BULB IF YOU MISSED LAST ISSUE! -- Marty
-- COST US MONEY, I KNOW,
GET YOUR RETRO BUTT OUT OF HERE FOR A SECOND DRUSILLA. I NEED TO TALK TO MY BROTHER
TERRI!
WELL, I NEVER...!
SNOOP KITTY KAT
HMPH. GUESS I'LL GO POWDER MY NOSE.
NED? TED? RIGHT NOW BRIAN NEEDS PRIVACY.
Ned
Ted
JUST CALL US WHEN DRU GETS BACK. THE INVESTIGATIVE TRIO LOOKS OUT FOR ITS OWN!
LOOK, IF THERE WAS ANYWHERE ELSE TO GO FOR DATING ADVICE, I'D BE THERE.
OKAY...
SO, DOES DRU EVER SEEM... COLD TO YOU?
VERY.

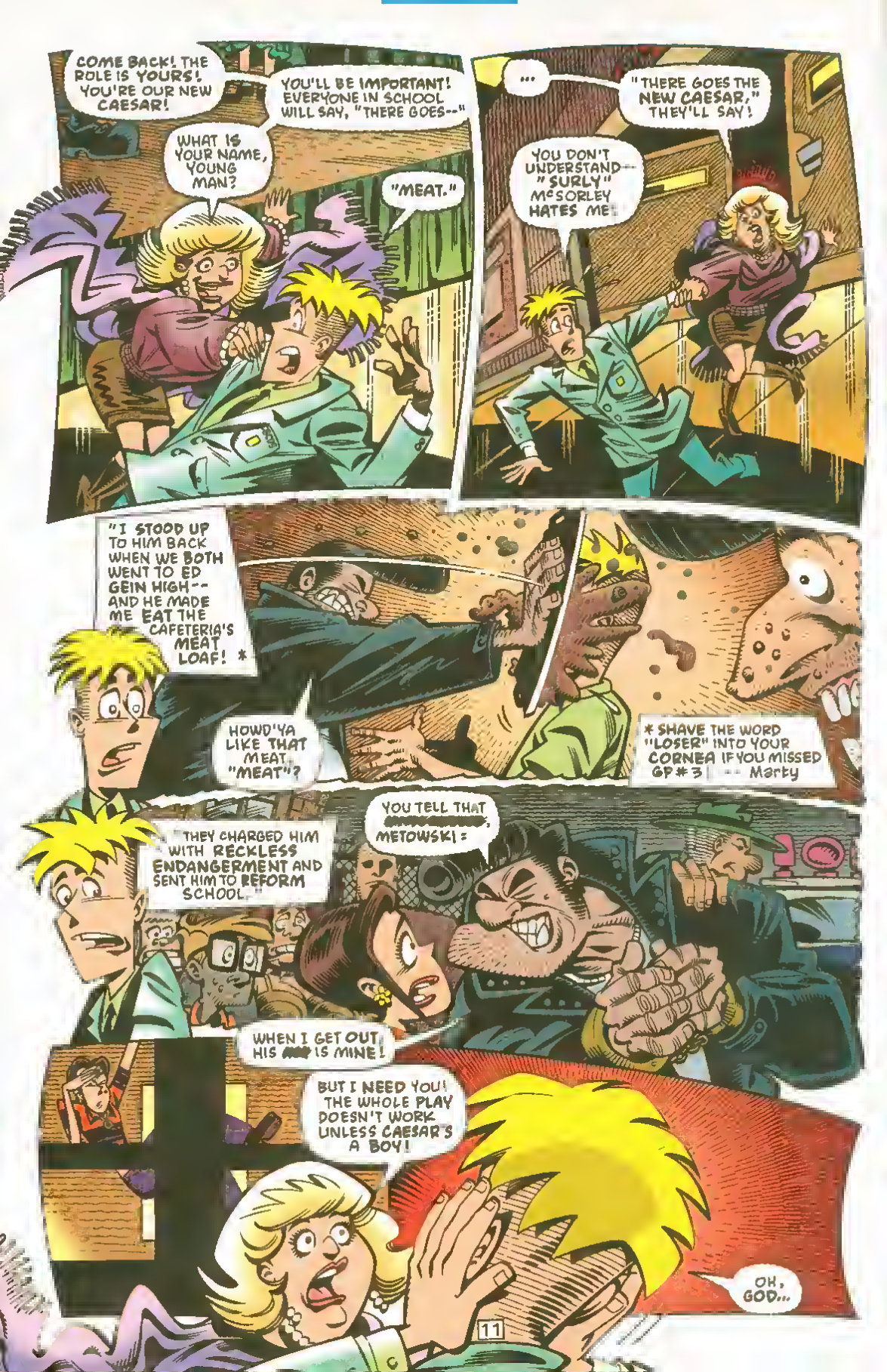

SHE HAS A MEDICAL CONDITION THAT MAKES HER A DEGREE AND A HALF COLDER EVERY HOUR.
BUT YOU GUYS TOUCH EACH OTHER, RIGHT?
HEY, SHE'S COLD, NOT-- YOU KNOW, UH, ALOOF.
SEE, THAT'S NORMAL. OR CLOSE ENOUGH FOR YOU TWO.
MEAT'S SO ALOOF IT'S LIKE HE'S SCARED OF ME, AND NOW HE'S LYING TO ME JUST BECAUSE ANDY WAS BETTER--
WASN'T THIS "ANDY" FELLOW THE ONE WHO BRUSHED YOU OFF?
OH, MY GAHHHD! IT'S ME! I'M THE ANTIDOTE TO LOVE!
GUNZ 'N' WEEZLZ
ANDY KNEW IT, AND NOW EVEN MEAT'S FIGURING IT OUT!
DON'T BE SILLY. ANDY DIDN'T LOVE YOU. THAT'S WHY HE WAS HONEST. YOUR NEW BEAU CARES ENOUGH TO LIE.
HELP ME! WHAT SHOULD I DO?
BOYS LIE SO WE CAN CATCH THEM AT IT. THEY LONG TO BE PURSUED AND TAMED-- MUCH AS WE DO, BUT ON A DEEPER, MORE COGNITIVE LEVEL.
?
OMG, THEY DON'T TEACH THIS STUFF IN HEALTH CLASS!
TERRI, YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO SPY ON HIM. IT'S YOUR ONLY HOPE.
DRUSILLA HARDLY, YOU'RE THE BEST AND WISEST GEEK MY BROTHER EVER JUMPED. I'LL START TOMORROW MORNING.


... SO I TOLD HER I WAS IN A PLAY. I DUNNO, I PANICKED. ALL THAT STUFF ABOUT HER OLD BOYFRIEND...!
BUNCE? WHAT DO YOU THINK?
OUR MAIL-LADY'S CUTE.
LET'S USE HER FOR A TEST AND SEE IF THIS NEW TREATMENT HAS ANY EFFECT ON YOU.
UM. MA'AM? COULD YOU HELP ME FIND THE NEAREST UPS DROP-BOX?
MUNSON
WHAPP
:sigh: OH WELL... SO MUCH FOR THAT IDEA...!
TURN OUT THE LIGHTS SO I CAN CHANGE BACK BEFORE CLASS.
WE NEED TO FIND OUT WHAT CAUSED YOUR MONSTER-ITIS ORIGINALLY. I CAN'T KEEP GUESSING ON HOW TO REVERSE THE CONDITION.
PLEASE. I MEAN, I HATE LYING TO TERRI LIKE THIS.


"WHAT IF SHE FINDS OUT I'M NOT IN THE DRAMA CLUB?"
TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT
EDWARD GEIN
MEMORIAL HIGH SCHOOL
"TO CURE, PREPARE AND SERVE THE COMMUNITY"
JUNIOR EXPLORERS, REPORT TO LAB
JUNIOR HAS A POLYP
ACHTUNG!!
HALTEN-ZEE!
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA
COLLIER BLUFF
:pant pant:
WAIT!!
BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA


SO, YOU SEE, ALTHOUGH HEMINGWAY EVENTUALLY ECLIPSED ANDERSON--
HOAG COLLIER COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL
-- THE CENTRAL METAPHOR OF "WINESBURG, OHIO" -- THAT "WE ARE EACH CRUCIFIED" -- INFORMS HEMINGWAY'S WORK, INDEED THE WORK OF THE ENTIRE SO-CALLED "LOST GENERATION"...
PSST! METOWSKI!--
HANSELL FOR SOPHOMORE CLASS PRESIDENT
-- SOME CHICK'S CLIMBIN' THE WALL OUT THERE!
?!
HANSELL FOR SOPHOMORE CLASS PRESIDENT
DON'T TELL ME YOU LET ANOTHER PRETTY GIRL TOUCH YOU?
WELL, NO, NOT EXACTLY...
THEN WHY--
TERRI'S HANGING FROM A LEDGE OUTSIDE!
I GOTTA JOIN THE DRAMA CLUB RIGHT THIS SECOND!


DRAMA CLUB
THE SPRING MUSICAL "YOU'RE A BROWNIE, CHARLIE GOODMAN" HAS BEEN CAST AS FOLLOWS:
AUDITIONS TODAY JULIUS CAESAR
YOND... Y-YOND CASSIE HAS... A... A...
...LEAN AND... HUN, UM, HUNGRY LOOK.
HEY, WHAT IS THIS [redacted]?
THE MOST TRAGIC PRODUCTION OF "JULIUS CAESAR" YET! I REWROTE IT SO I ONLY NEED ONE BOY--
-- BUT EVEN THAT ONE BOY CAN'T READ!
WATCH IT.
I'M ONLY HERE TO MAKE MY PAROLE OFFICER HAPPY. IF THIS [redacted] PLACE HAD METAL SHOP--
BOP
FNiK
EXCUSE ME...? CAN I AUDITION FOR--
OH, GOD! MARV McSORLEY?!
ANOTHER BOY!
METOWSKI? WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' HERE?


COME BACK! THE ROLE IS YOURS! YOU'RE OUR NEW CAESAR!
YOU'LL BE IMPORTANT! EVERYONE IN SCHOOL WILL SAY, "THERE GOES--"
WHAT IS YOUR NAME, YOUNG MAN?
"MEAT."
...
"THERE GOES THE NEW CAESAR," THEY'LL SAY!
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND-- "SURLY" McSORLEY HATES ME!
"I STOOD UP TO HIM BACK WHEN WE BOTH WENT TO EDGEIN HIGH-- AND HE MADE ME EAT THE CAFETERIA'S MEAT LOAF! *
HOWD'YA LIKE THAT MEAT, "MEAT"?
* SHAVE THE WORD "LOSER" INTO YOUR CORNEA IF YOU MISSED GP#3 -- Marty
"THEY CHARGED HIM WITH RECKLESS ENDANGERMENT AND SENT HIM TO REFORM SCHOOL."
YOU TELL THAT [redacted], METOWSKI!
WHEN I GET OUT, HIS [redacted] IS MINE!
BUT I NEED YOU! THE WHOLE PLAY DOESN'T WORK UNLESS CAESAR'S A BOY!
OH, GOD...


I-- I [gulp] I DON'T HAVE MUCH CHOICE, DO I?
OF COURSE NOT!
NOW LET'S GET STARTED!
ABOUT TIME...! I WAS GETTIN' READY TO COME LOOKIN' FOR YA METOWSKI!
UHH... DO ALL THE ROMANS HAVE TO BE GIRLS?
HOLD STILL!
STOP BEING A SPAZZ, KID!
WE'RE SUPPOSED TO STAB YOU!
YEAH...! EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT JULIUS CAESAR WAS ONE OF THE WASHINGTON SENATORS.
THIS PLAY WILL BE A PARABLE ABOUT THE SUBJUGATION OF WOMEN. DON'T YOU GET IT?
HEY! DON'T TOUCH ME!
RIGHT, RIGHT, I GET IT. THE SUBCUTANEOUS WOMAN. THEN WE STAB 'IM?
PRECISELY!

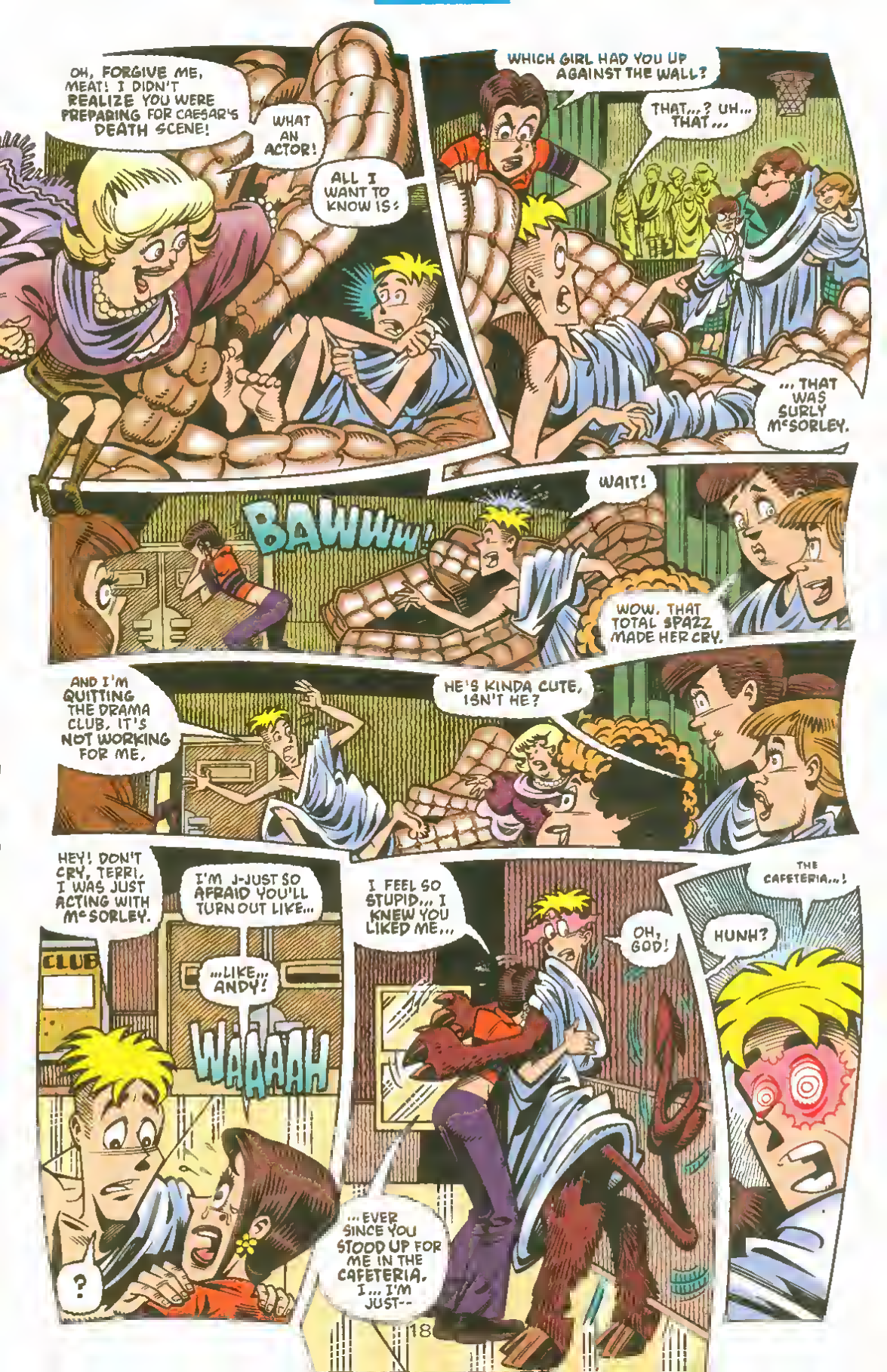

HMM. THIS IS A BAD TIME TO BE HAVING SECOND THOUGHTS...
LOOK, SURLY. I NEED MY GIRLFRIEND TO SEE ME HERE. CAN'T WE JUST DO THE PLAY?
"SPEAK, HANDS, FOR ME!"
YOU [redacted]! OKAY, SO YOU'RE IN THE DRAMA CLUB! --
--NOW GET HER OFF YOU!
BREAK IT UP, YOU TWO!
YEAH!


AAAH!
!
SOMEBODY HELP THAT POOR GIRL!
I SEE YOU SNEAKIN' OFF, METOWSKI! COME BACK HERE!
ARE YOU OKAY?
NO.
WHAT DOES HE SEE IN SUCH A HOMELY GIRL? SHE LOOKS LIKE SURLY McSORLEY...!
NOW WE'VE LOST BOTH BOYS! AFTER THEM, GIRLS!
HEY! WHAT'S--?
HMM. MIGHT AS WELL...


OHGOD OHGOD OHGOD...!
NOW I GOTTA SIT IN THE DARK FOR THREE MINUTES!
YOU'RE COMING WITH--
FIND THE SPAZZ.
FLK
CHECK THE BOYS' ROOM, CASCA!
BOYS
EEEEEW! YOU CHECK IT.
ONE-SEVENTY-EIGHT MISSISSIPPI, ONE-SEVENTY-NINE MISSISSIPPI...
LOOK! THE SPAZZ BOY!
...MY FLY.
UH... I HAD SOME TROUBLE WITH MY... UH...
GET HIM!

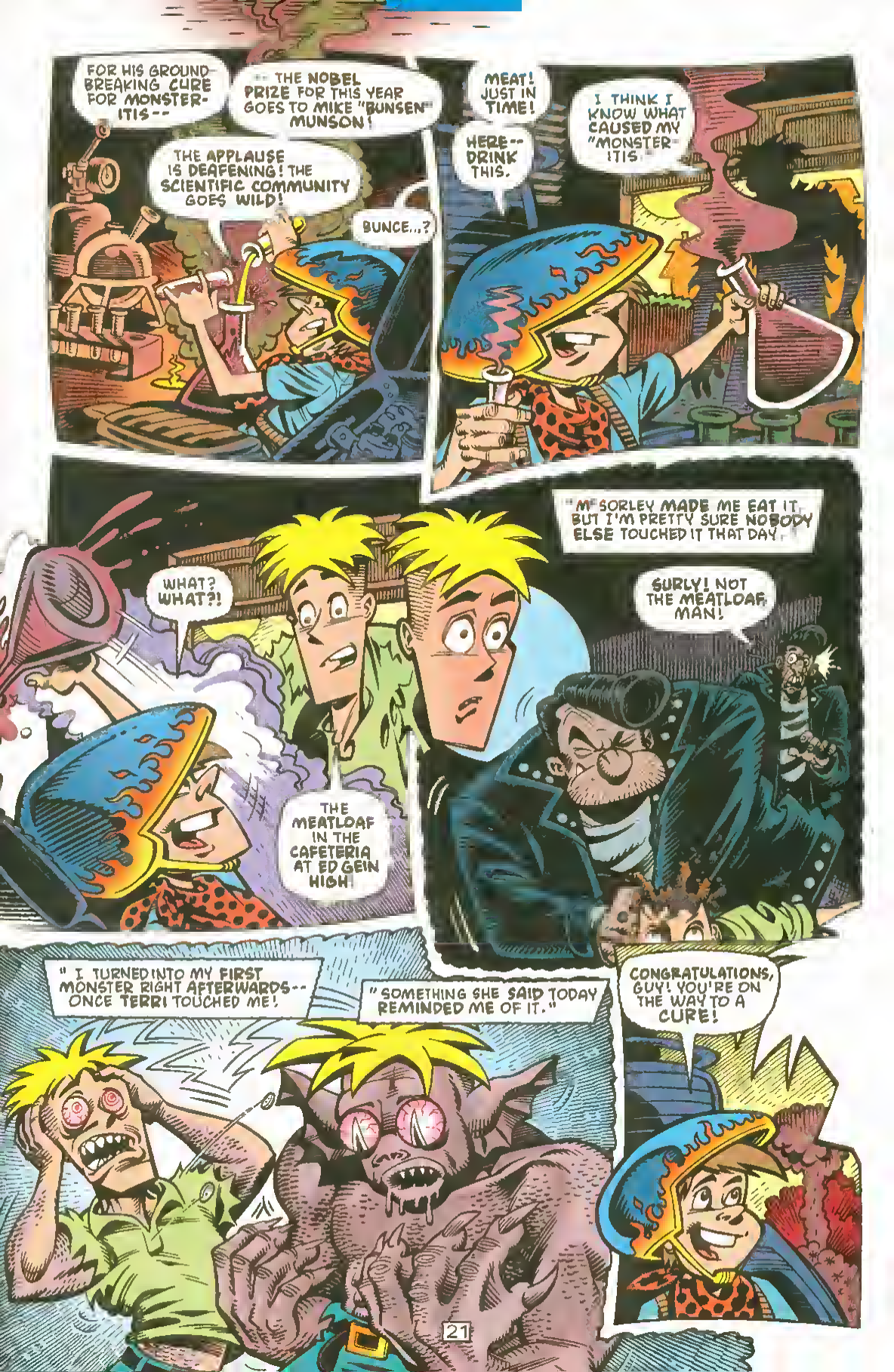

OH, GOD! ANOTHER ONE!
THERE YOU ARE!
McSORLEY?!
GYAAAH!
WHEW! I THOUGHT YOU WERE...
...
OW!
GET OFF!
HOLD HIM, CINNA!
OH, NO!


THEY GOT ME AGAIN...!
TERRI!
UH, HI.
MUST BE ANOTHER TRANSFER STUDENT FROM GROSS POINT...!
WHEW!
ACK!
WELL, THIS ONE'LL HAVE TO DO.
THAT MEAT BOY WAS NO CAESAR, AFTER ALL.
ONE-SEVENTY-EIGHT MISSISSIPPI... ONE-SEVENTY-NINE MISSISSIPPI...
...ONE EIGHTY.


OH, FORGIVE ME, MEAT! I DIDN'T REALIZE YOU WERE PREPARING FOR CAESAR'S DEATH SCENE!
WHAT AN ACTOR!
ALL I WANT TO KNOW IS:
WHICH GIRL HAD YOU UP AGAINST THE WALL?
THAT...? UH... THAT...
... THAT WAS SURLY McSORLEY.
BAWWww!
WAIT!
WOW. THAT TOTAL SPAZZ MADE HER CRY.
AND I'M QUITTING THE DRAMA CLUB. IT'S NOT WORKING FOR ME.
HE'S KINDA CUTE, ISN'T HE?
HEY! DON'T CRY, TERRI. I WAS JUST ACTING WITH McSORLEY.
I'M J-JUST SO AFRAID YOU'LL TURN OUT LIKE...
...LIKE... ANDY!
CLUB
WAAAAH
?
I FEEL SO STUPID... I KNEW YOU LIKED ME...
OH, GOD!
...EVER SINCE YOU STOOD UP FOR ME IN THE CAFETERIA. I... I'M JUST--
THE CAFETERIA...!
HUNH?


LET'S GO SOMEPLACE WHERE WE CAN TALK, OKAY?
:snf:
A WALK-IN REFRIGERATOR!
IT'S PRIVATE.
SLAM
clik
JUST SIT THERE, TERRI.
I, UM, WAS LYING ABOUT BEING IN THE DRAMA CLUB. I SAW YOU COMING AND PANICKED.
..., MEAT! YOU THINK THAT'S DUMB?--
...I TOOK ADVICE FROM DRU HARDLY.
SO, WE'RE OKAY, THEN?
WELL... I AM WONDERING WHY WE'RE SITTING IN THE DARK...
...AND WHY YOU'RE SO SHY...!
TERRI, DO YOU TRUST ME?
NOPE.
BUT STAY AWAY FROM THOSE TOGA GIRLS, AND I CAN LIVE WITH IT.


PROMISE.
AND MARV McSORLEY.
YES, MA'AM.
:sigh: YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, MEAT- LET'S GO, IT'S KINDA CHILLY IN HERE.
YOU KNOW, THERE'S NO COMPARISON BETWEEN YOU AND ANDY.
GA-SMOOCH
UH... I NEED TO BE ALONE FOR A FEW MINUTES...
AND DON'T COME IN!
NO COMPARISON AT ALL. IT'S, LIKE, APPLES AND ORANGES OF DYSFUNCTION...


FOR HIS GROUND-BREAKING CURE FOR MONSTER-ITIS--
THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR THIS YEAR GOES TO MIKE "BUNSEN" MUNSON!
THE APPLAUSE IS DEAFENING! THE SCIENTIFIC COMMUNITY GOES WILD!
BUNCE...?
MEAT! JUST IN TIME!
HERE-- DRINK THIS.
I THINK I KNOW WHAT CAUSED MY "MONSTER-ITIS"
WHAT? WHAT?!
THE MEATLOAF IN THE CAFETERIA AT ED GEIN HIGH!
"MR SORLEY MADE ME EAT IT, BUT I'M PRETTY SURE NOBODY ELSE TOUCHED IT THAT DAY."
SURLY! NOT THE MEATLOAF MAN!
"I TURNED INTO MY FIRST MONSTER RIGHT AFTERWARDS-- ONCE TERRI TOUCHED ME!
"SOMETHING SHE SAID TODAY REMINDED ME OF IT."
CONGRATULATIONS, GUY! YOU'RE ON THE WAY TO A CURE!



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